

YESTERDAY JACK SNEED GAVE WILLIE A ROUGH IDEA OF WHAT HE THOUGHT OF A GUY THAT WOULD PARK HIS PUPPIES UNDER A MAN'S TABLE EVERY DAY WITH NO THOUGHT OF KICKING IN

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU MRS. WINDBLOWN I THINK MRS. SNEED IS VERY NICE TO WORK FOR - BUT THAT PELICAN SHE MARRIED - I PITY THE PARTY THAT HAS THAT POOR PILL ROLLING THROUGH THEIR LIFE

OF COURSE SHE'S NICE TO YOU! - WHAT WOMAN THAT COULD GET A MAN LIKE YOU TO WORK FOR THEM, WOULDN'T BE?

WHY YOU'VE FORGOTTEN MORE THAN SHE EVER KNEW ABOUT KEEPING HOUSE, MR. BORDELL - AND HE THINKS HE'S VERY SMART CALLING YOU "THUMBS UP" WHY SAY, YOU HAVE MORE REFINEMENT IN YOUR LITTLE FINGER THAN THE WHOLE CABOODLE OF THEM -

YES I'M AWFULLY FUNNY THAT WAY - I ALWAYS WAS - FROM CHILDHOOD UP I JUST HADDA BE REFINED -

ISN'T IT PECULIAR MR. BORDELL THAT WE BOTH LIKE THINGS REFINED I WAS EVEN BORN AND RAISED RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO A REFINERY - I CAN REMEMBER MY MOTHER SAYING THAT BY THE TIME I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD I REALIZED IT WASN'T NICE FOR A GIRL TO RUB A PLATE OF MASHED POTATOES AND GRAVY IN HER HAIR.

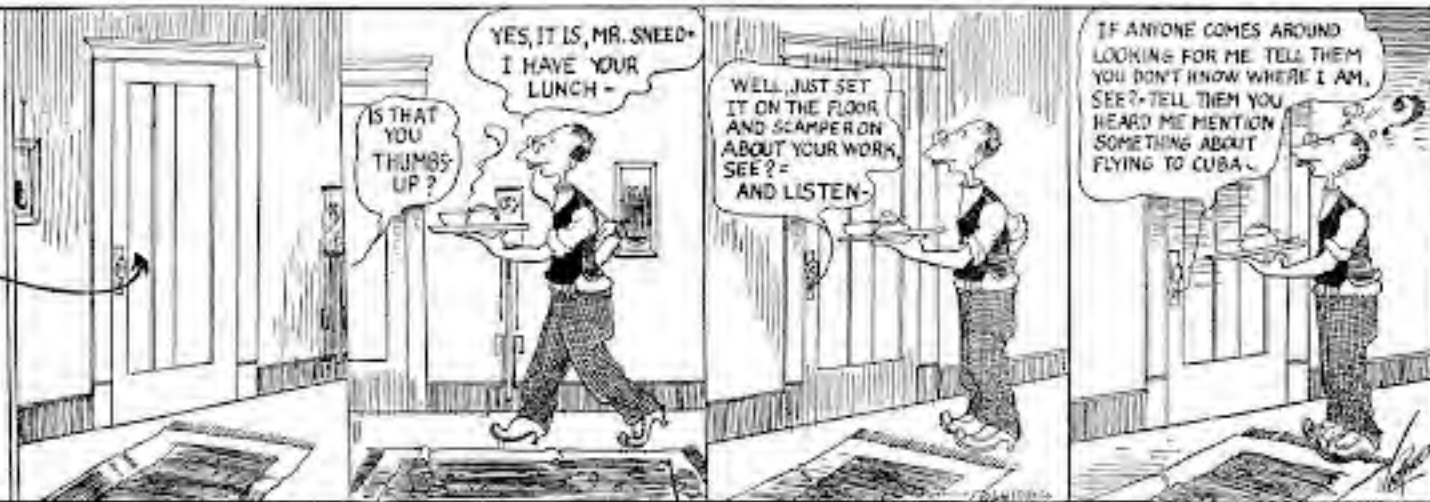


JACK SNEED
HAS KEPT
STRICTLY
TO HIS ROOM
FOR THE PAST
DAY OR SO &

HE WILL NOT
SEE OR BE SEEN

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WHAT'S THE MATTER

—?—



JACK SNEED
IS STILL

AS A COUPLE
OF MICE IN
HIS ROOM

WHY HE HAS
ENTOMBED HIM-
SELF IS AS
BIG A MYSTERY
AS EVER—

SOME THINKING
THIS AND SOME
THINKING THAT,
OR VICE-VERSA

WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE IS
THE TROUBLE
WITH YOUR
BROTHER-IN-LAW?

WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE,
GAL, YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL
ME YOU'RE WORRYING ABOUT
THE DOINGS OF THAT BIG
EGG TOO?

PERSONALLY AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED HE CAN
STAY IN THAT ROOM TILL THEY FIND HIS BODY
WHEN THEY WIDEN THE STREET. SIS LET ME
TAKE THE GARAGE KEY YESTERDAY AND I TOOK
HIS NEW CAR OUT FOR A SPIN. FUNNY THING, TOO—
I MEET ONE OF THEM SUNDAY DRIVERS— YOU KNOW—
OUT A COUPLE DAYS TOO EARLY. THOUGHT THE STOP LIGHT
WAS A BECKON. I NUDGED HIS CAR IN PLENTY. THEN
HE GETS LIPPY AND ONE WORD LED TO ME ABOUT

TO SHACK HIM.
THEN UP COMES
A FLATFOOT—

WELL, WILIE,
WHAT DID
THE OFFICER
SAY TO YOU?

SAY, LISTEN, BABY— A FAT
CHANCE AN OFFICER'D HAVE
SAYING ANYTHING TO ME !!
ALL HE DID WAS TAKE
THE NUMBER OF SNEEDS CAR



THE REASON
JACK
SNEED

KEEPS HIM-
SELF ALONE
IN HIS ROOM
IS YET TO BE FOUND.

SOMETIMES
WE THINK
AND THEN
AGAIN WE
DON'T KNOW

?

JUST LEAVE THE
PHONE ON THE FLOOR,
THUMBS UP, AND THEN
GO SIT ON THE ROOF
AND TRY TO FIGURE
OUT HOW FAR IS UP.
YOU DON'T KNOW



I KNOW, BUT LISTEN DOC, HERES
THE WHOLE THING, COLD TURKEY--
--- SURE, I KNOW, BUT ---
--- ALL RIGHT THEN, LISTEN
TO ME --- SURE ---
--- SURE, I KNOW BUT ---
--- YES, SURE, BUT ---
--- YEAH



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD
HE'S SAYING • IT'S EITHER THAT
THE ACOUSTICS ARE VERY BAD
OR THERE IS A LITTLE STATIC
THIS HOUSE HAS THE ADORST
KEYHOLES I EVER TRIED TO
LISTEN THROUGH--







LISTEN, THUMBS UP. I ONLY BROUGHT YOU DOWN HERE BECAUSE SIS ASKED ME TO— SO DON'T TALK TOO MUCH—

I'LL LAY ON THE FLOOR LIKE A RUG TILL AFTER THE SHOW AND THEN BEAT IT—

RADIO STUDIO

FOLKS, MEET PAUL WHITEMAN— NOW, WHAT IT TAKES TO CONDUCT AN ORCHESTRA, THIS YOUNG FELLOW HAPPENS TO HAVE WHY MUSIC JUST NATURALLY CAME TO HIM OVER NIGHT WHEN BUT A BABE, WHEN HE WAS YET TO SEE THREE SUMMERS THEY MISSED HIM ONE DAY AND THERE HE WAS ALL ALONE, OUT IN THE KITCHEN, PLAYING, MIND YOU, ON THE LINOLEUM—

HE HAD AN EAR FOR MUSIC AND COULD PICK UP ANYTHING, INCLUDING WIEGHT, AFTER WEARING OUT SIX PIANO STOOLS HE MASTERED THE MISK, A DIFFICULT INSTRUMENT WHICH TO PLAY CALLED FOR FOUR EXTRA FINGERS AND AN ODD THUMB, BUT UPON HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE HE PLAYED SO WELL WITHOUT THIS EXTRA HAND THAT THE AUDIENCE GAVE HIM ONE— FROM WIND EXPOSURE PLAYING THE MISK HE CONTRACTED SAXAPHONES, WHICH IS WORSE THAN DYRRHEA AS FIVE OUT OF SIX HAVE IT, TO PAY ON— AND—

DO YOU THINK I'LL HAVE TIME TO TUNE UP BEFORE HE GETS THROUGH?

MR. WHITEMAN, BY THE TIME HE GETS THROUGH THAT INSTRUMENT OF YOURS WILL HAVE GROWN INTO A BASS VIOL—

F ZAZA

HASN'T TOLD YOUR FORTUNE YET YOUR FORTUNE HASN'T BEEN TOLD

JUST SEND THE MONTHS YOU WERE BORN WITH A STAMPED RETURN ENVELOPE TO
ZAZA
CARE OF THIS PAPER

SHE'S BEWITCHING!
SHE'S MAKE LON CHANEY TURN INTO A VACANT STORE
NO FOOLIN'!

JACK SNEED HAS BEEN A PRISONER IN HIS ROOM WHILE HIS DENTIST MADE HIM A NEW SET OF TEETH. HE HAD A NEW BRIDGE THAT GAVE HIM PAIN SO HE PUT IT IN HIS OVERCOAT POCKET AND THEY EITHER CHEWED THEIR WAY OUT OR WERE STOLEN — HE IS HITTING ON ALL MOLARS NOW, AND AS PROMPT AT MEALS AS A DINNER BELL.

WHAT!?

YES ALL THESE WERE ORDERED BY MRS. SNEED

SAY, LISTEN LIL!!—WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ORDERING THE NEW BRIC-A-BRAC?—WE DECIDE TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS AND SAVE SOMETHING FOR A MISTY DAY—AND HERE A TRUCK BACKS UP WITH A FLOCK OF TRICK LAMPS AND CRAZY CURTAINS—AND BESIDES—I'VE GOT THOSE NEW TEETH TO PAY FOR—DON'T FORGET THAT—

OH, OF COURSE YOU WOULD!—YOU'RE OUT AGAIN WITH THAT MOUTH OPEN—I CAN'T GET A LITTLE SOMETHING TO BEAUTIFY MY HOME WITHOUT YOU HAVE TO PUT YOUR TEETH INTO IT!!—I'M ALMOST SORRY NOW THAT I LET YOU GET THEM!



